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HOPE UNDEFERRED

AND

TWO OTHER POEMS

BY
REV. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS, D.D.

AUTHOR OF

*Where Is My Dog; or, Is Man Alone Immortal?
The Racing Parson; or, How Baldy Won the
County Seat. Robert G. Ingersoll, et al.,
and the Clerical Attire, Etc. Reprieve
and Other Poems, Etc., Etc.*

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no. 1.

Ms. A. 8. 16.
A. 7. 14.
TO MR. WALTER WINANS—the finest pistol shot in the world; who shoots as truly with his mind; who, a quarter of a century ago, upon a copy of my *Where Is My Dog; or, Is Man Alone Immortal?* falling into his hands, wrote to me sympathetically with relation to what I have so long been trying to get to the human mind through my work in *Bio-philism*; and who, very recently, sent me the story of the dog of the Fourth Dimension, which I have incorporated in *Hope Undeferred*—I take the liberty of dedicating that poem.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

A WORD IN ADVANCE.

SUPPOSE one to be accorded, through his physical senses, with matter of only length. He knows nothing not before him, or behind. Add width, with the necessary organic correlation. He knows things to this side of him and to that. Add thickness. And he knows things above him and below.

This is our situation—from the man to the cricket, which hops, tumblingly, in front of him as he takes his “constitutional” in the course of these autumn days. We are accorded to matter in three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness.

May there not be a fourth dimension, to which most of us are not accorded? May there not be those who are so accorded? May not the fourth dimension be the dimension towards which we are going?—The additional dimension to which we will be accorded after death?—The dimension in which those of “the great majority” now have their being?

I was relating how I had brought a ray of hope to a father, who had lost a daughter, by referring to the possibility of a fourth dimension of matter, to have a gentleman comment:

“You were reaching him through his materialism!”

“Years ago,” I replied, “after I had lectured—not on *The Fourth Dimension*—a young man approached me and said, combatively: ‘I’m a Materialist!’ My answer was: ‘Tell me what matter is, and I’ll tell you whether I’m a Materialist!’ ”

Is there anyone who has not heard the Bishop’s answers to the two sides of the same question?—“What is matter?”—“Never mind!”—“What is mind?”—“No matter!”

Long years ago, a clergyman spoke of the mental side

of matter. I put in: "I'd rather say, the material side of mind!"—"That's exactly it!" he generously assented. . . .

In *Hope Undeferred*, my illustrations—so far as they are not from Holy Writ—are out of my own experiences, or personal relations to me—I thinking that such illustrations are more alive than those from books—such, even, as that of Colonel Prendergast's falling at the battle of Malplaquet, in fulfilment of a prophecy to him from Sir John Friend, who had lost his head under a charge of high-treason—as told by General Oglethorp to Doctors Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith—he having heard the facts related to Alexander Pope by Colonel Cecil, who had charge of the remains of Colonel Prendergast, and had read in a pocket-book found on his body a noting of the prophecy—all of which may be read in Irving's *Oliver Goldsmith* and elsewhere. . . .

With *Hope Underferred*, I am sending out two other poems—short ones. The second of these—*Of One Who Has Thought*—is commemorative of the late Bishop Potter—between whom and myself never arose the question of the Fourth Dimension,—but who was open-minded in relation to my holdings in *Biophilism*—the first—*Has Ever Mortal Done Better?*—of a chippy. "Extremes meet"—in God. . . .

I should be pleased by any comment.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

The Bureau of Biophilism,
Rossville,

Staten Island, N. Y., October 2, 1916.

HOPE UNDEFERRED.

IN London's hoary Tower, brutal, grim,
There came to me the germ of what I sing,
As I would improvise it at my club,
The chancel's vested dignity forgot,
The moment, in the Church's interest,
And that of those who've wandered from Her gates,
To suffer tortures till they Home return,
Despite the Home's remoteness and defects,
Disdainful of the simple remedy—
In Raleigh's dungeon standing, lamp in hand
Of guide, its flickering the dreary walls
Suggesting rather than revealing, and
The earthen floor, and ceiling lost in dark,
All windowless, the door, of purpose, shut,
Thinking of him, the gallant cavalier,
There prisoned through the dreary lapse of years—
But seldomed companied by man or dog—
Till, when by royal enemy his death
Decreed, a voice, from out the gaping crowd,
Exclaimed, as fell the hate-directed axe,
And, bloody, quiv'ring, stuck in bleeding block:
"In England not another head so great!"
And was Sir Walter truly held within
These walls? Most surely—far as body went.
His mind? In bitter consciousness of them,
Present, for most, no doubt; but absent oft,
In concentration, quite as certainly—
In brooding History, and secrets deep
Of Nature, chary to reveal; and oft,
In memory, to peaceful spots, to scenes
Of courtly splendor, and of dallying love,
To fields of battle, to the trackless wave,
To ways through pathless forests, wide and high;
And oft, on bold imagination's wings,
Piercing the future, for the nation's fate,

And for his own, for that of human-kind;
And oft in tangled mystery of dreams;
And oft, through portals of subconsciousness,
To intercourses words could not relate
With spirits blessed, to conflicts with the damned—
Or they the portals opening to him.

And may not prisoned Raleigh symbolize
Your ego, mine, and that of each of all,
“Groaning” within the Sentient Universe—
“Together” prisoned in the length and breadth
And thickness of the which is matter called—
Its Three Dimensions—from the freedom of
Its Fourth Dimension, which contains the Three,
Them penetrating more completely than
Does air or ether any single thing?

And is there Fourth Dimension? No surprise,
The question coming from the criminal,
Whose thoughts and efforts go in picking locks,
In scaling porticos to second floors,
In prying windows, in exploding safes,
In counter-plotting shrewd detectives’ wiles,
In dodging gruff policemen’s clubs and cuffs,
In plotting to escape the prison’s close;
Or from the one who has the thief in mind,
In guarding property considered his,
Which may be carried, ridden, led away;
Or from the one who works in metal, wood,
Or marble, horse-shoe forming, residence,
Or statue; from the one who tills the soil;
Or from the one who, in the mountain’s heart,
With pick and shovel, claims the coal or ore;
Or from the one who at the throttle sits,
His engine plunging through the storm and night;
Or from the captain on the creaking bridge
Of leaky ship, in fear of foundering;
Or from the one who pains with hand or brain,
Or both, in keeping souls in bodies frail—
His own and those of his; from one who toils
Incessantly—the whistle’s jaded slave;

From one who would the bankrupt's fate avoid;
From one who still would dollars add to those
He has already wrung; who'd have a place
Still higher, trembling for the one he has—
In word, surprising not the question from
The one in weary touch, or panting grip
With matter in her Three Dimensions sensed—
Unlighted; but astonishing in one
In Holy Writ believing—counting not
The ground of his accepting Holy Writ,
E'en though it be that Holy Writ is but
The history, of nation first, of, then,
A Person—the objective but of worth
In their experiences as framing the
Subjective—in the Three Dimensions, but
As revelations holding of the Fourth:
As when, to Adam, God stepped forth and spake
In Paradise; as when, in Endor's mystic cave,
The king fell prone at Samuel's awful words;
As when the chariot and horses, both
“Of fire,” Elijah from Elisha took;
As when to Him the “angels ministered”—
To Him of Nazareth—He having fasted through
Appointed “forty days and forty nights,”
And suffered the temptation, of the ground:
To turn the stones to bread, to satisfy
His hunger—of the pinnacle: to try,
Presumptuously, the Providence of God—
And of the mountain: that He bend the knee
To Evil, for “the kingdoms of the world”—
Meeting them promptly: “Not by bread alone
“One lives, but by the words from mouth of God!”—
“Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!” and: “Get
“Behind me Satan! Thou shalt worship but
“The Lord thy God! Him only shalt thou serve!”—
Thus teaching for the ages that the things
Objective weigh not with subjective facts
In their importance—that the things of Three
Dimensions fade—realities in Fourth
Dimension—whose He was the while He dwelt
In Three Dimensions—so empowered that

The laws of Three Dimensions He could use,
 Or abrogate, or quicken, or supplant,
 By laws of Fourth Dimension—making wine,
 Upon the water walking, stilling storm,
 Restoring sight and hearing, power to walk,
 Raising the dead, and giving, now and then,
 Glimpses of his substantial body, and
 Of those, so bodied, who'd already passed
 Beyond the veil, to freedom in the Fourth
 Dimension: as when Peter, James and John
 He took "apart," and "in a mountain" was
 "Transfigured" in their sight, His "garments" e'en
 So gleaming "white" no "fuller" could them "white,"
 The while His face was shining "as the sun,"
 By Moses and Elijah companied,
 They standing plainly in the vision of
 The chosen Three as He Himself—
 Of His substantial body, which we call
 His Resurrection Body—which was seen,
 In dawning of "the first day of the week,"
 By Mary Magdalene, first, and by
 The women, by the Ten, in hiding from
 Their enemies, the door upon them locked,
 Thomas not present, by th' Eleven, still
 The door abolt, with Thomas there, and all
 Amaze that He should through the wall appear,
 Not visiting, with impious finger, hand,
 The wounds in Palms or in the Blessed Side,
 No longer "faithless but believing" all,
 Prostrate, with: "Lord!" not only, but: "My God!"
 And still by others seen. How many? We've
 But hint, "Five hundred brethren at once
 "And last of all of one born out
 of time!"—

There being "out of time" in such a case!
 And is there Fourth Dimension? still is asked,
 Astoundingly, by members of His Church!
 "Quo vadis?" as on Appian Way, He stopped
 St. Peter, human, fleeing martyrdom;
 And I have heard a soldier say that to
 Him came the Risen One, on lonely post—

The Risen One, Ascended and Returned.—
 Why not?—The day for such experience past?—
 The way between the Seen and the Unseen,
 Between the Three Dimensions and the Fourth
 Dimension, once well known, may it not be
 That it was lost, forgotten, through non-use,
 E'en by the Church, appointed it to keep
 Repaired through Font and by her Altar High—
 Through Her neglect—She having sinned away
 Her opportunities in Higher Things,
 Involving lower, if there lower be,
 When all are consecrated to the High?—
 She having near Her Altars golden calves—
 Her vested choirs, her organs, trained and tuned,
 To please the ear of sensuosity—
 Her preachers' voices lowered, hushed, in fear
 Of wrong incorporate for selfish ends—
 Her greatest branch, in numbers, wealth, extent
 Among the sons of men, with flopping flag
 Of Three Dimensions o'er her rusty cross—
 Some other branches quite distinctly more
 The national and less the catholic—
 And some contemptible, in caring for
 Their creeds, as small as Nero's leaden charm—
 And some, as much, as sorry vestibules
 To circles of respectability—
 And other some But why go railing on?
 If She were what the Founder, through the Twelve,
 Intended She should be—the Body of
 The Holy Ghost, the Mystic Brotherhood
 Of Fourth Dimension, working in the Three
 Dimensions, loving each and serving all,
 Would button-touching late have called the world
 To war, which reason thought impossible?—
 Would maidenhood be swooning, touching beast?—
 Would mothers, lovers, wives be drowned in tears?—
 Would dogs and horses bleed with bleeding men?—
 Would trenches slash the breast of mother-earth,
 And tons and other tons explosive wound her?—
 Would men by millions perish as the rats
 Which feed on offal under rotten wharves,

Through mechanism, or, as pests which gnaw
 The vines, through noisome spray and gas, and fire,
 Or drop from dizzy heights, by shrapnel found,
 The birds of prey they are, from choice or call,
 Or drown in water, by the mine disturbed,
 Or by torpedo from the submarine,
 Or smother, victims with the monstrous thing?—
 Would latest horror have been thought or dreamed—
 The “tank”-car with the armor-hide, propelled
 By power in its entrails generate,
 Moving regardless of the crater, or
 The trench, while coughing, belching, oozing wounds,
 And death, and devastation general?—
 Would there be need for begging that the poor
 Unfortunate be fed and clothed and cared?—
 Would death be what it is to more and more,
 Who speak of After-life with grin, and say,
 With ghastly mirth: “In both the places I
 “Have friends!” and force a laugh when brutal voice
 Expresses confidence in worms and bones?—
 Would She so little militate against
 Her inner foes, such as Cupidity
 And Envy, chiefest two, without whom not
 Another two, the haughty Arrogance
 And noisy Discord, friends of meanest as
 Of highest of the pests, who thin Her ranks
 Of battle, widely flung along the line
 Uncertain 'twixt the Three Dimensions and
 The Fourth, and it disturb, in holding back
 The Devil and his gnashing crew from man,
 As, also, in Her showing forth of Heav’n?—
 For Fourth Dimension hath both Heav’n and Hell,
 Beneath the law of correlation—law
 In Three Dimensions having pow’r as well—
 The grape that’s sour necessitating sweet,
 The sweet the sour—no this without the that!
 But still the question buzzes.—Further proof,
 To those who see and hear with other eyes
 And ears than those which grasp phenomena
 Of Three Dimensions? Young the clergyman,
 Not knowing that the Devil, World and Flesh

Are ever trouble making in the Church,
 And worried over many things awry,
 Among them, I remember, question: If
 The Sacramental-lights should stand upon
 Re-altar?—question tangled more by their
 Presentment, as memorial, by a soul
 Of piety unquestioned—question which,
 It seemed, would rend the local church atwain,
 With other rendings imminent. His brows
 Contracted, in the watches deep of night,
 He sat and tried to ponder, wondering:
 How all could end but in a dreary waste?—
 And why the tongues of saints more liable
 To bursting into flame, “set fire of Hell,”
 Than those of sinners?—Why they pleasure took
 In scorching him, though not in least to blame?—
 And why ? But, suddenly, the frown
 was gone!

A hand was laid upon his head, and, though
 No voice, was uttered: “Worry not my son!
 “ ’Twill all be right!—In God’s good time!”—The hand
 And speech his father’s, who had passed, too soon,
 To Fourth Dimension, as we comprehend,
 Saying: “It may be that my son is sent
 “To take my place—to wear the stole I’ve worn!”
 How was the father known? Mysterious
 The facts of Fourth Dimension! But “a peace
 “Which passeth understanding” charmed the youth
 As, kneeling, lisped he: “Now I lay me down!”
 As he retired, and when, refreshed, he rose,
 And as he, after, met what was to meet—
 Till came the chilling doubt; which ever comes,
 Regarding the arisen “from the dead,”
 Or other revelation from the Fourth
 Dimension, matt’ring not its character—
 The doubt so sure to paralyze the sense
 Through which such revelations reach the soul!

The father’s touch was never felt again;
 But there was as a consciousness of him
 In presence, when the son would hear, as oft

He did, relations from the earnest lips
Of others, which recalled the father's touch—
The memory as vivid as the fact
Remembered—surely fact—though it might be
That it was but a passing breath of air
Through open window—thought which always drove
The father, or a sense of him, away,
Leaving the filial spirit cold and void—
Till came to him another story of
The Fourth Dimension—by the father staged?—
Only sometimes from those who, by the font,
Through confirmation, had the altar's right,
Or of that sacred right advantage took;
And always unexpectedly they came:
As when, in weariness of constant form
And stiff conventionality—the need
Of which none better knew—abroad, awheel,
In toggerly befitting, having topped
A hill, dismounting 'neath some mighty elms,
He, seating him at road-house table, called
For glass refreshing, to be served by one,
By manner, form and beaming features told
To be by right proprietor of such a place—
Fully a man of Three Dimensions, all
Complete—no evidence that he had sense
For Fourth Dimension—save in dreamy eye
And bright—by glint in which 'twas seen that he
His customer was estimating at
His value—seeing he was not of Three
Dimensions only—that he had to do,
In some capacity, with things of Fourth
Dimension—using other words in thought,
No doubt. Invited him to come again.
Again. And still again. And when the time
Was ripe, and circumstances fitted, led
The way to upper floors, and there, before
The portrait of a lovely foreign dame,
With streaming eyes and choking voice, told how,
Before the day of wireless, or the flash
Of information else, before the day
Of rapid transit, he, a wayward boy,

Was sorely wounded, in the lonely bush
 Of far Australia—bodily—to death?—
 And, mentally, by thought that he might die
 His family not knowing; but there came
 A letter from the mother, saying she
 Had present been and seen the “accident,”
 Enclosing money for his passage home;
 Which reached, described she, in detail minute,
 The incident, occurrences therewith,
 In all material surroundings framed,
 Of growths, of sandy spot, dim stars above;
 And still related how, in later years,
 He, ever restless, crossed another sea,
 And how, in New World’s chief metropolis,
 He, one day, stood in conversation with
 Another, over ordinary point
 Of business, when: “My mother’s dead!” he cried,
 In starting back. He’d seen her dear old face,
 As plainly as the one on canvas, there;
 And she had smiled a smile, not of the Three
 Dimensions, but, supremely, of the Fourth!

Repeating these relations, I was asked,
 By friend, a veteran: “Have ever told
 “How I attained my captaincy?” Had not.
 “On eve of battle of the Wilderness,
 “I found me lounging in my captain’s tent.
 “A look of deep solemnity upon
 “His rugged face, his eyelids drooped, he said:
 “ ‘Lieutenant, where I’ve never marched, I see
 “ ‘A field, in undulations, with a draw,
 “ ‘Through which is running-water from a spring,
 “ ‘Upon the banks of which are berry-vines.
 “ ‘ ‘Mong these, this way, I fall tomorrow noon—
 “ ‘A bit before! Yes, yes, I’m coming!’ ”
 “Who
 “Apostrophized?” “I do not know!
 But this
 “Is sure: It came as he had prophesied!
 “And in his pocket found a letter, which
 “Related how his fiancée was gone!”

"What more connections there may be," I said,
 "Between the Three Dimensions and the Fourth
 "May be unknown; but, surely, one is Love!"
 And then I told of how, at service close,
 There came a man to me and asked if he
 Might see me in my study, and, we there,
 Told how, when he a boy, an uncle came
 On visit from a distant land, how he,
 From semicircle, lighted by a fire
 In open grate, sprang to his feet, with cry:
 "Marie! My child!"—to subsequently say,
 He'd seen a daughter rise upon her bed,
 Extend her arm, and force her working lips
 To: "'Father!'" Features set, while others
 smiled,
 He marked the hour. . . . 'Twas then the daughter
 died,
 And died exactly as he'd seen her die—
 At home—with thought of father far abroad!

These incidents, and more of kindred stamp,
 I told, one ev'ning, in a circle sure,
 My "pearls not casting to the swine"—though I
 Confess I ever joy in doing so,
 And further joy in saving what they'd "tread,"
 And further still in breaking renders' "teeth;"
 These joys a salve to what of "rends" I get—
 Simply because there were no porkers there—
 Remembering, He, also, sent the Twelve
 To preach the Gospel wheresoe'er they went—
 That universal are the human "swine"—
 And that another, under Him, advised:
 "Out season be thou instant, well as in!"
 And of the incidents the one which brought
 A "pearl" was that of Fourth Dimension band
 Between the mother and the wand'ring son,
 Uniting them wide oceans o'er and in
 And through the lands antipodal—the word
 Australia the connection of events:
 Two Irish boys their fortunes thought to seek
 Beyond the seas. Australia was their choice.

The years went by. The one the father wrote,
 That he was well and doing well. More years
 Went by. He wrote again—that he was rich—
 Copartnershiping with his Irish mate.
 More years were gone. The father had a—dream?
 It seemed not that. He came to consciousness
 From deepest sleep. Was wide awake. And in
 The room there was a person. 'Twas his son!
 A point on which he never had a doubt,
 And said the son: "I'm drowned! In well!

And by
 "My mate!" The father said no single word.
 Another lapse of years. The other of
 The two adventurers returned to land
 Of birth. He called upon the father of the one.
 The father said the word: "You drowned my son!
 "And—when?" The father gave the date. "And—
 where?"

The father named the well. And after this,
 In court, he said: "What I have seen, I've seen!
 "What I have heard I've heard! The prison has
 "No terror! All the world's a prison since
 "I lost my boy—through him!—The murderer!"—
 Transfixing with his index-finger, then,
 The one whom he accused—most fatally!

A "pearl"—though black! Take one of richest
 glow—

No less experience, 'twould seem, of Fourth
 Dimension: Where Ohio's crystal flood
 Flowed through the stately woods in elden day,
 Later, by grassy valleys, meadowed hills,
 And, now, 'tween shores by factories oppressed,
 A very home of Three Dimensions, there
 I sat, the guest of one who lorded well
 A mighty enterprise of soot and smoke,
 And, the occasion rising, sneered my sneer
 At what is not of our dull senses five,
 To be reproved, to my surprise, from such
 A source: "Young man, I charge you cease to hold
 "A thing impossible because you've not

"Experienced it, or something similar!

"No equal evidence of lack of mind,

"Or mind unused! Excuse the plainness!

But

" 'Tis for your good, and out of bitterness

"That I was once a senseless sneerer at

"The possibility of what we call

"Things of the spirit—of the Spirit Land—

"Of Fourth Dimension—put it as one may—

"The richest speech too poor to put it well—

"Or so that they of Three Dimensions catch

"The meaning—'spiritually discerned,'

"The Bible says—to which we turn, and must,

"In trying to convey that which is of

"The Fourth Dimension. Sneering ceased with me,

"My daughter dead, just blooming into more

"Than maidenhood. The ass I'd been to sneer!

"When all my pride was crushed, my prejudice,

"When callouses were on my knees, when came

"The tears, when I was 'as a weanèd child,'

"Once, in the twilight, came my daughter back!

"She came again! Again! And still she comes!

"Would sneer if such experience you had?"

Offended? No! Convinced that he had seen

His daughter in substantial body? That

His claim was honest! And it flashed on me,

How asinine to say another has

Not sensed that which objector has not sensed,

E'en in the region of Dimensions Three!—

An universal asininity?—

I tell of having seen, in deep Southwest,

A sunflower-stalk so large and very firm

That it was used to hold the chain which held

Impatient cow while she was being milked—

I tell this in another region, where

The sunflower's cherished as an ornament—

I tell it seriously, as simple truth—

And smile to hide my irritation at

Reception—with equestrian laugh!—
And may not things of Fourth Dimension be
As real as those of Three—more real, indeed?—
Hast heard of Bayard Taylor charming tale?—
He walked with grammar of the Greek in hand,
Bothered, distraughtly fumbling in his hair,
As though he were a school-boy, though he'd come
To be a man of over fifty.—“What—
“Cramming a language dead?” a passer asked.—
“Why not?”—“You don't expect to use it here?”—
“If not, I'll use it—There!”—“And you believe
“In immortality?”—“More sure of it
“Than of the life I now am living, or,
“It may be, I am dreaming!”—If an ass
To question what I have not sensed myself
In Three Dimensions, double ass am I
To question the reality of dreams,
And triple ass to question those who tell
Of Fourth Dimensional experiences,
Quadrupal ass to sneer at anything
Contingent on the accident, or on
Discovery, or on superior sense!

Lost in the depths of what was then the Great
Mid-Continental Desert, first I saw,
In sheet blown from a passing caravan,
A squibby notice of the phonograph,
And muttered: “Nonsense!”—Weary, weak, oppressed,
Upon my bed in hospital, I lay,
When word was brought that,—bird-like,—gasless ship
Had sailed the air: “It can not be!” I said,—
Cable defective, I had failed to reach
My correspondent on the other shore,
And wondered if the “wireless” e'er would come,
And shook my head, contemptuous of the thought!—
But soon I heard the “record” of a voice;
And, then, I saw a biplane mount and soar;
And, later, on the Seventh Sea, our boat
About to founder, there was sent the “S. O. S.”—
Are there not “records” of the voices of
Those from the Fourth Dimension here awhile?—

Have they not mastered Three Dimension's laws—
Impulsively—with spontaneity?—
Are not relations possible to be
Between the Three Dimensions and the Fourth?—

Question suggesting aged gentleman,
Religious outcast by the most supposed.
I but a boy, he called me to him once,
And told a story which he'd seldom told:
He had a business friend, when young, who held
To what he saw not—immortality—
A life in Fourth Dimension—that of Three
Dimensions, or its fever-dream, at end.
They entered into compact, that the first
To go—if going proved not last of him—
Should come, to let the other know that still
He was. The filling of the compact fell
Upon the friend—it to be filled. And filled
It was. The other lay, one night, awake—
Thinking, so far as, in his drowsiness,
He thought, of ordinary things—the things
Of Three Dimensions—duties of the day
To come—occurrences of day last past—
In all their dusty, sweaty dreariness—
Their disappointments and their gleams of hope—
“When, suddenly, I blinked, and dodged, and jouked,
“And drew the covers over head and ears!”
The gentleman assured me, with a laugh.
“Over the footboard of my bed my friend
“Was leaning—with his dear old, quizzing smile!”
And, as I sing, there comes a history
Of master warned to stay a backward step,
Or there'd be hurting of a dog—described,—
Though never seen by warner—dog, which, late,
Had left the master's heel.—For life Unseen?—
In Fourth Dimension?—There to welcome him?—
How thrilled by such a greeting he would be!

In death is liberation from the cell
Of criminality—or real or trumped;
From that, with treadmill of the ordered task;

From that of duty, which should be performed;
From that of love of Three Dimension things;
From that whose walls Ambition's pinions break,
And Faith's, and Hope's, and "greatest" Charity's;
And from the prison which the cells contains—
From Matter's Three Dimensions, dark and hard.—
To what? Oblivion? The cell of cells,
To normal mind, to be preferred to that—
For self as for the other! Can it be,
When Raleigh's head rolled on the thither side
The block, his body in the hither dust—
The Three Dimensions head, and body worn—
That Fourth Dimension Raleigh suffered hurt?—
Reason, as well as broken-pinioned Faith,
And Hope, and Charity reject the thought!—
No, no! In Fourth Dimension liberty,
In concentration void of effort, pain,
He knows the secrets of the Past, the Now;
In memory he lives again the whole
Of what he lived in Three Dimensions, with
But smiles—regarding as indifferent
The things the most important to him there,
With priv'leges of pardoning, divine,
Of begging pardon, far diviner still,
And, joyous, wings the future, knowing what
Shall be, for him, his nation, and his race,
Accompanied by folk he loved in Three
Dimensions, women, children, men, and dogs;
For freedom in the Fourth Dimension is
For all who in the Three Dimensions have
A consciousness of self, in joy and pain.
"In Him we being have, and live and move!"
"And who are 'we?' " "Without your Father not
"A sparrow falls!" Who cares for "you," He cares
For it! With Him is neither great nor small!
In Three Dimensions, we "together groan!"
In Fourth Dimension shall we not enjoy?

HAS EVER MORTAL DONE BETTER?

A WREN warbles under my window;
 From top of a neighboring tree,
 A thrasher is flooding the region
 With wonderful melody;
 To tangle of branches, a-blooming,
 Which crawl o'er the casement and spill,
 A humming-bird darts, iridescent—
 At flower is buzzingly still;
 A cat-bird is scolding in thicket,
 With occasional sweetness of tone,
 Suggesting a possible singing,
 Which equals the thrasher alone.

Through song and through form and through feather,
 As well as through bloom and through scent,
 I'm charmed to a sensuous pleasure,
 To something like active content;
 So charmed that my thinking's suspended
 Till I hear a "Chip-chippy-chip-chip!"
 From being, with thumb to be measured,
 On a paling, at top of the tip,
 A bit of a plain little creature,
 With crown of a brick-powder red;
 Its plumage at throat all a-ruffle,
 So up that tips backwards its head!
 No opera-singer, surely,
 Could ever more confident be
 Of power, inherited, cultured,
 Than chippy, so common and wee!

And, chippy, to thee I uncover:
 It is certainly fitting I should;
 Has ever a mortal done better
 Than best, very best, that he could?

OF ONE WHO HAS THOUGHT

(Is the reclining statue of the late Bishop Potter in the Potter Memorial Chapel in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine too exactly a likeness, too little an idealization?)

In shaking my head, in chapel alone,
I think of the dead, whose monument prone
My fancies confine to things of the earth—
Till musings combine in giving a birth
To vision sublime, wide-founded and high,
Immenser than time and fending the sky.

This vision to me from prophecies finē
Of what shall be St. John the Divine,
Uploomingly grand, metropolis o'er,
Regarding the land and sea-fondled shore—
A symbol supreme that man-to-man-dear
Is more than a dream, Hereafter and here.

The chapel but niche, the prone to contain,
In great spaces which America's Fane
Shall cover, embrace, enfloor and endome,
For each of our race a refuge and home:
Both chapel and prone so modestly small
I have to be shown to find them at all;
But large in the thought, in hope, in the trust
That back shall be brought the one who is dust,
In form, to the throngs of ages unborn,
Not knowing of wrongs, of selfishness shorn,
Ascending to where St. John the Divine
Bulks large in the air, to visit their shrine;
For nobler than fane constructed by man
Is home of the brain empowered to plan.

Idealize, play with the one who was naught;
Let each feature stay of the one who has thought.

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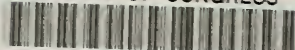




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